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SHADOW COMICS

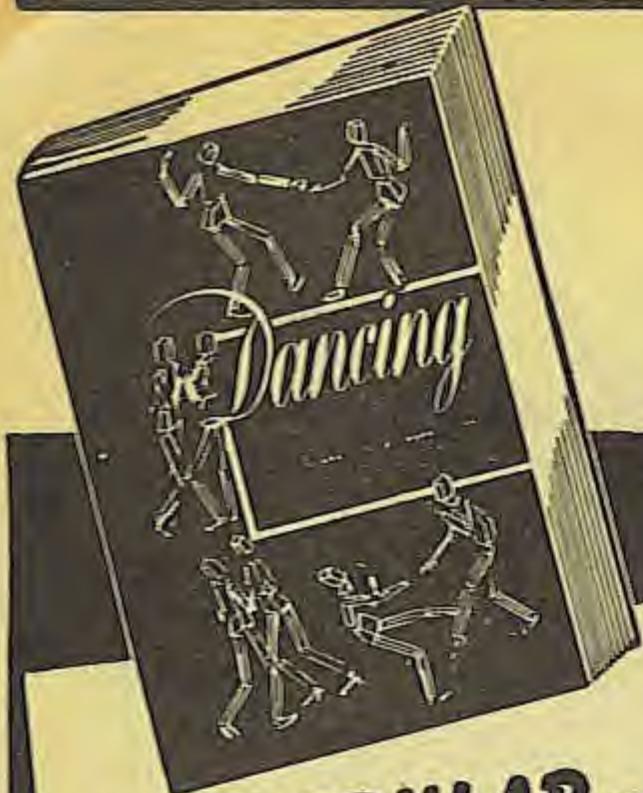
MICKEY'S
WORTH
10¢
FIFTY-TWO
PAGES

PISCES

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The **SHADOW** sees
DEATH in the CRYSTAL!
and Dr. Zenith learns that
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



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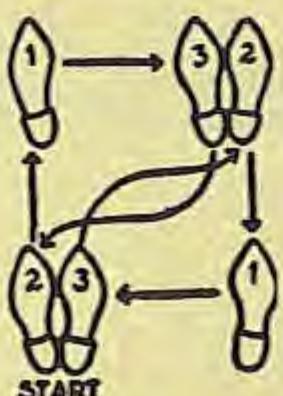
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Ivan H. Dottels, Associate Editor

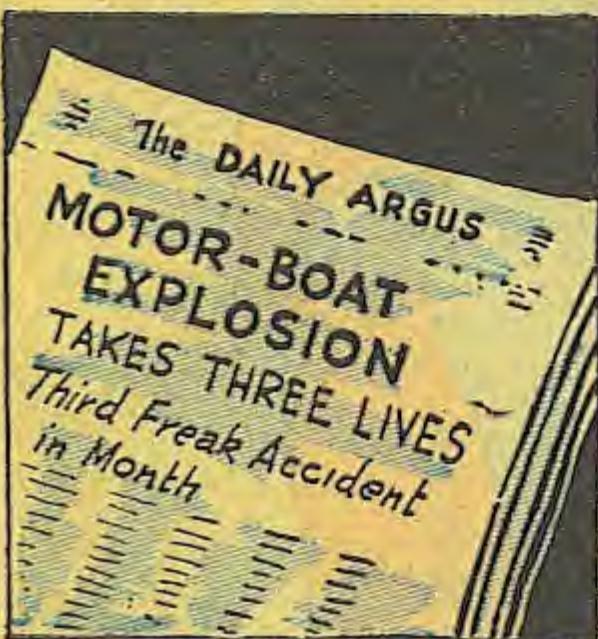
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The Shadow Sees..... "DEATH IN THE CRYSTAL"



DO YOU REALLY
THINK THERE
WAS SOMETHING
SINISTER BEHIND
THESE ACCIDENTS,
LAMONT?

YES, EXCEPT THAT 'ACCIDENT'
IS NOT THE PROPER TERM.
I BELIEVE THAT THOSE TRAGEDIES
WERE DELIBERATELY PLOTTED
BY A CERTAIN DOCTOR ZENITH!



I'VE HEARD OF DOCTOR ZENITH! BUT WHY SHOULD HE WANT TO KILL PEOPLE?

TO PROVE THAT CERTAIN OF HIS PREDICTIONS ARE CORRECT! I'LL TELL YOU MORE ABOUT IT WHILE WE'RE DRIVING OVER THERE

YOU SEE, MARGO, BEFORE EACH OF THOSE TRAGEDIES, CERTAIN WEALTHY PERSONS WERE WARNED NOT TO ACCOMPANY THE PEOPLE WHO WERE LATER KILLED

AND DOCTOR ZENITH GAVE THOSE WARNINGS! BUT WHAT COULD HE GAIN?

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO FIND OUT, BUT IN VISITING DOCTOR ZENITH BE SURE TO GIVE HIM THE IMPRESSION THAT YOU ARE VERY WEALTHY!

ALRIGHT, LAMONT

WELL, MISS LANE, AND WHAT IS YOUR TROUBLE?

I'M WORRIED, HORRIBLY WORRIED, DOCTOR ZENITH! I'M AFRAID SOMEONE WILL TRY TO STEAL THE FORTUNE THAT I JUST INHERITED!

...AND MY NAME IS MARGO LANE..

DOCTOR ZENITH WILL SEE YOU SHORTLY



PROF
ZENIT

IF THAT IS THE CASE, YOU
MUST GAZE INTO THE
CRYSTAL. IT WILL
REVEAL THE FACES OF
PERSONS YOU CAN
TRUST

THAT SHOULD
BE WONDERFUL!





SO YOU MET THE TWO PEOPLE YOU SAW IN THE CRYSTAL! THAT CALLS FOR ANOTHER VISIT TO ZENITH!

NOW THAT HE'S RECEIVED THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, HE'LL WELCOME ME!

NEXT DAY...

HELLO, DOCTOR ZENITH. DID YOU RECEIVE MY CHECK?

I DID, MISS LANE, AND I AM READY TO SHOW YOU MORE VISIONS IN THE CRYSTAL



WHY, THAT'S EXACTLY THE WAY I WAS RESCUED BY THE MAN YOU SAID I'D MEET!



WHY... WHY THAT'S LAMONT OUTSIDE THE DOOR THAT SAYS FIVE-NINETEEN. BUT THE IMAGE WAS BLURRED!

A BAD SIGN! IT MEANS DEATH! YOU MUST STAY AWAY FROM THAT MAN, WHO EVER HE WAS, AND IF YOU ESCAPE HIS FATE, I SHALL KEEP MY FEE FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE!



SO THAT'S THE GAME!
JUST AS I THOUGHT!
VERY WELL, YOU
DROP OVER TO
ZENITH'S AGAIN
WHILE I STROLL
PAST FIVE-NINETEEN!

BUT BE
CAREFUL
WHEN
YOU DO!

LET IT
GO!
WE'LL PROVE
ZENITH RIGHT
AGAIN!

NOW FOR A
QUICK CHANGE
TO MY OTHER
SELF... THE
SHADOW!

AND JUST
IN TIME!

NOW LET'S
DUCK FOR
ZENITH'S
QUICK!

YEAH, AND
GET OUR
CUT OF THE
FIVE GRAND!

BONG!

THAT ACCIDENT
THAT MISSED
MEANS I'D
BETTER CALL
ON ZENITH
MYSELF!

WHY, HELLO, MISS LANE! COME RIGHT IN! I'M LISTENING TO POLICE REPORTS ON THE SHORT WAVE!

HEAR THAT! I'LL KEEP THAT FIVE THOUSAND FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE!

SQUAD CAR! REPORT TO FIVE-NINETEEN BOULEVARD AVENUE! ACCIDENT THERE...

SINCE YOU'VE GUESSED SO MUCH, I'LL ADD YOU AS ANOTHER VICTIM!

OH!

IT'S ABOUT TIME THE POLICE RECEIVED A REPORT ABOUT YOU! REGARDING MURDER!

THE DOC'S IN A JAM!

GRAB THAT DAME!

ONE MOMENT, ZENITH! LOOK THIS WAY!

AND HERE'S A COUPLE MORE WHO WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE BIRDIE... ALONG WITH A LOT OF STARS!

SQUAD CAR! REPORT TO DOCTOR ZENITH'S PLACE! RIOT GOING ON THERE!

A PERFECT POSE, ZENITH!

BOP

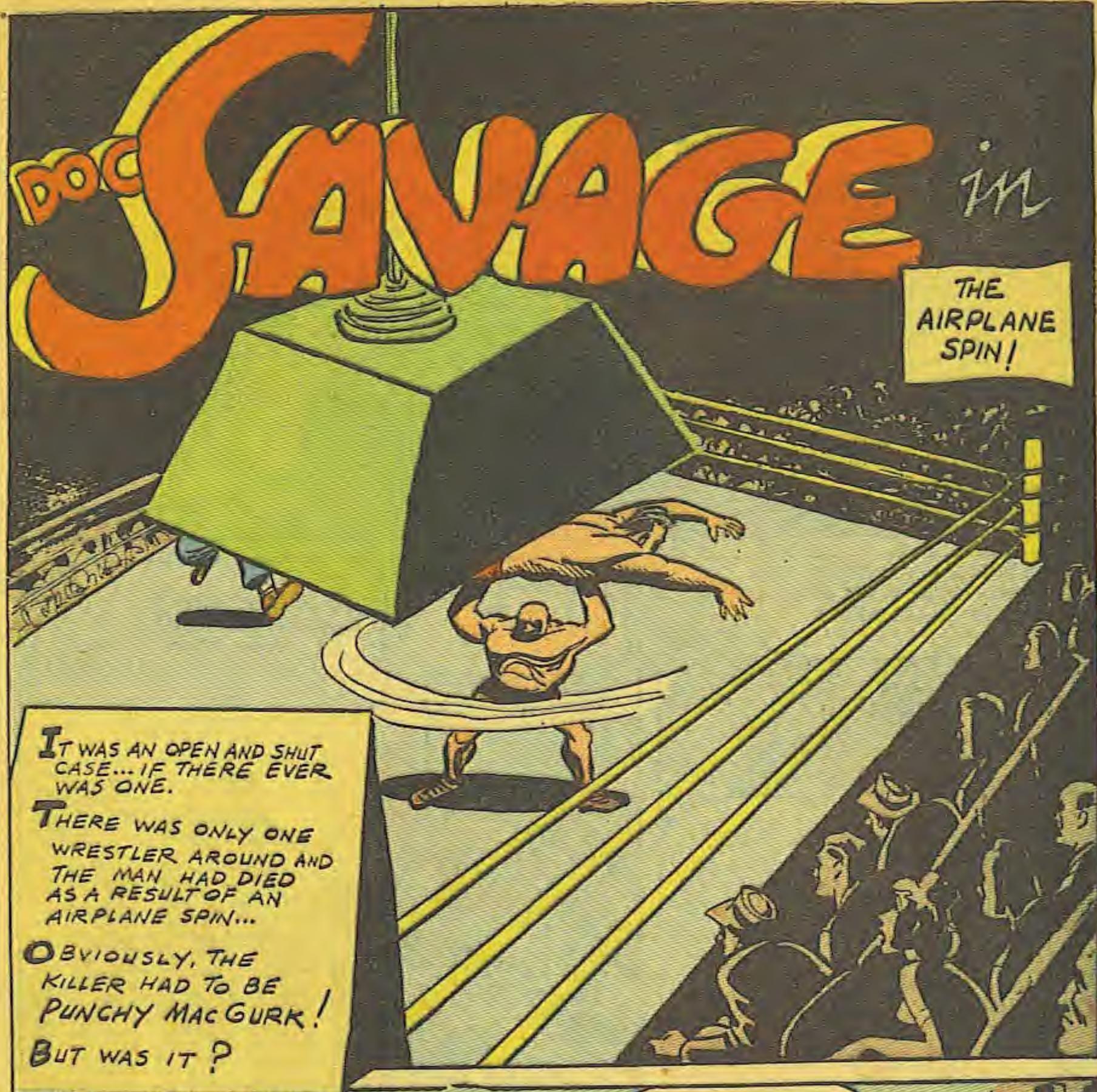
I'LL SAY THERE'S A RIOT... BUT HOW DID THE POLICE KNOW?



PERSONAL LETTERS:
from JOE LOUIS
and BILLY CONN
Predicting the outcome of their
FIGHT.

Exclusive in--
**TRUE
SPORT**
PICTURE STORIES

on sale MAY 17th



DON'T LOOK NOW, DOC...
BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE
TROUBLE! LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF THIS GUY!

WAIT... HE
LOOKS
FAMILIAR...

IF HE GETS TOO ROUGH,
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

DOC... DOC SAVAGE...
DON'CH'A REMEMBER
ME MUG? I'M PUNCHY,
PUNCHY MAC GURK...
YOU USTA COME
SEE ME RASSLE!

OF COURSE... YOU WERE THE GUY.
THAT WON ALL YOUR BOUTS WITH
THAT AIRPLANE SPIN!

AND WHO IS
THIS LITTLE
CHARACTER?

IF YOU'RE AFTER
REFERRING TO ME,
I AM LONG SHOT LARRY,
I AM PUNCHY'S MANAGER,
SEE

YARE. DAT'S ME!
ONCE IT WON ME
DOUGH! NOW, IT'S
GOT ME LINED UP
FOR DE HOT SQUAT!
THE COPS ARE
AFTER ME!

HIS MANAGER?
BUT HE HASN'T
WRESTLED IN
YEARS!

NAW... BUT WHAT'S
THAT GOT TO DO
WITH IT? I OWN
FORTY PER CENT
OF HIM, SEE. HE
WORKS IN A
FACTORY, NOW...
BUT I STILL OWN
FORTY PER CENT!

THAT'S QUITE A
DEAL. WHAT
KIND OF WORK
DO YOU DO,
PUNCHY?

AH... I WORK IN A
ELECTRIC JERNT. BUT
THAT AIN'T TH' PERNT.
I'M IN A JAM. THE
COPS THINK I KILLED
A GUY... BUT I DIDN'T!
HONEST I DIDN'T!

LEMME TELL 'EM. LOOK, I GOT IN A FIGHT WITH THIS GEE OUT AT THE FACTORY. THE CHARACTER IS NAMED GREASY JOE AND HE IS. PUNCHY STEPS IN WHEN THIS GUY TAKES A POKE OUTA ME...

YARE... AND I DUMPED HIM, DIDN'T I?

YARE... YOU DUMPED HIM ALRIGHT.. BUT.. THE DAY AFTER THE BLOW OFF, GREASY JOE IS FOUND DEAD! HE'S BEEN AIRPLANE SPUN... BUT TO DEATH!

HOW COULD YOU TELL THAT?

AS SURE AS ME NAME IS LONG SHOT LARRY, I DON'T KNOW, THE DOCS AT THE AUTOPSY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE BLOOD IN HIS HEAD AND CENTRIF... CENTR... SOME KINDA FORCE...

I SEE... CENTRIFUGAL FORCE... HMM... MAYBE WE BETTER GO TAKE A LOOK

IF A COP SPOTS ME, NOW, I AM A DEAD DUCK. NOBODY'LL BELIEVE I DIDN'T SPIN HIM... BUT, HONEST, DOC, I DIDN'T!

IT'S ALL CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE... YOU HAD A FIGHT WITH THIS GREASY JOE AND THE NEXT DAY HE'S FOUND DEAD. YOU WEREN'T SEEN NEAR HIM, WERE YOU?

NAH... THEY AIN'T GOT NOTHIN ON THIS GUY BUT WHAT HE USED THE AIRPLANE SPIN WHEN HE WAS RASSLIN.

THIS IS A PECULIAR CASE, INDEED. HMM... I WONDER...

THERE'S THE KILLER NOW! HE'S HAD THE NERVE TO COME BACK! WE GOT HIM NOW!

JUST A MOMENT, GENTLEMEN. I WILL GIVE MY WORD THAT HE IS SAFE AND WILL HARM NO ONE!





I KNEW I SHOULD'A
KEPT PUNCHY AWAY
FROM DOC SAVAGE...
BUT THE BIG APE,
HE CARRIED ME
THERE!

THAT'S THE
OLDEST GAG
IN THE BOOK,
DOC SAVAGE.
I'M ASHAMED
OF YOU... NO,
SIR... NOBODY'S
GONNA BOIN
ME...

LOOK OUT
BEHIND
YOU, MAN!

BUT, YOU FOOL,
THOSE ARE
LIVE WIRES
BEHIND YOU!

A CRACKLING BOLT OF
MAN-MADE LIGHTNING...

CARASH!

WHEN THE REMAINS HAVE
BEEN REMOVED...

BUT, DOC, HOW COULD
A LITTLE WEASEL
LIKE LONG SHOT
KILL A BIG GUY IN
AN AIRPLANE SPIN?
HE COULDN'T SPIN
HIM!

THE DOPE... HE
ELECTROCUTED
HIMSELF TRYING
TO STAY OUT OF
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

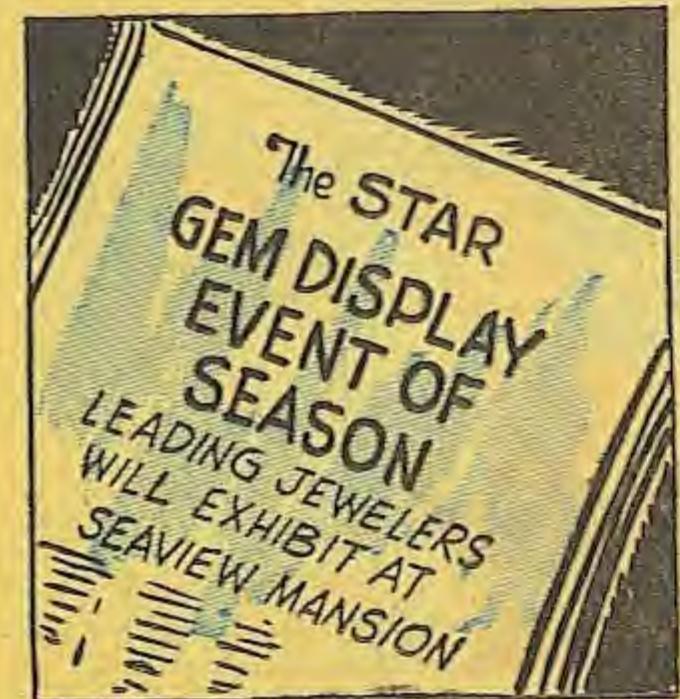
NO... BUT HE COULD
LIFT HIM UP AFTER
HE KNOCKED HIM
OUT AND TIE HIM
TO THE WHEEL OF
A DYNAMO WHILE
IT WAS OFF...
THEN...

YIPE! THEN HE
TURNED THE
DYNAMO ON
AND SPUN THE
POOR GUY TO
DEATH...

RIGHT... HE MUST HAVE BEEN
AFRAID THAT GREASY JOE
WOULD TALK HIM OUT OF
HIS MEAL TICKET... YOU,
PUNCHY!

THE LITTLE RAT... AND I GAVE
HIM THE FORTY PER CENT BECAUSE
I KNEW HE'D STARVE IF I DIDN'T...
I JUST FELT SORRY FOR HIM... I
KNEW HE THOUGHT HE WAS PLAYING
ME FOR A SUCKER... THE SUCKER!

The Shadow Meets the BLUR

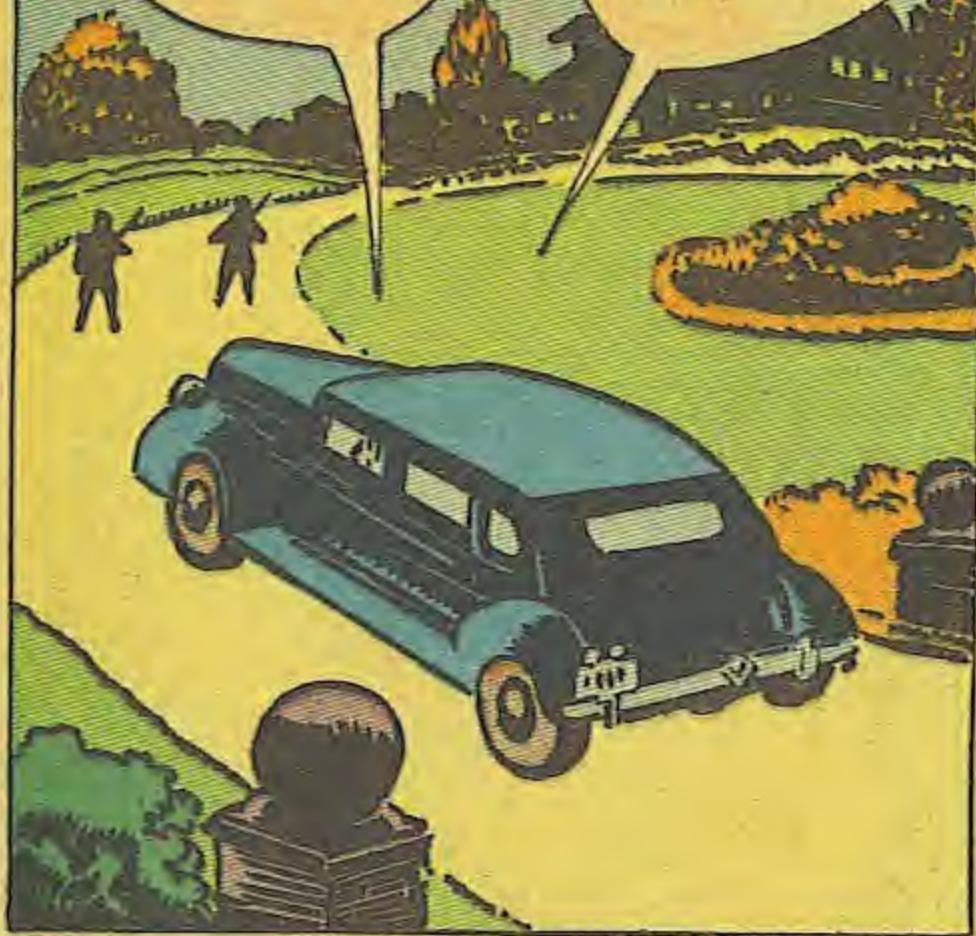


WHAT CHANCE
WOULD CROOKS
HAVE WITH THESE
GUARDS POSTED
ALL AROUND THE
PLACE!

THE QUESTION,
MARGO, IS THIS:
**ARE THE
GUARDS POSTED
ALL AROUND
?**

DON'T FORGET THAT
ONE SIDE OF THIS
MANSION FACES THE
OCEAN. I'LL INVESTIGATE
THERE FIRST AND SEE
YOU LATER, MARGO

ALRIGHT,
LAMONT



BECOMING *THE SHADOW*, LAMONT
CRANSTON STARTS HIS SEARCH FOR
PROWLERS!!!



MY NAME
IS MARGO
LANE

WELCOME TO SEAVIEW
MANSION, MISS LANE.
COME THIS WAY AND I
SHALL INTRODUCE YOU
TO OUR HOST,
ICHABOD ARDSLEY

AND I'M PLEASED
TO MEET YOU,
MR. ARDSLEY

THE PLEASURE IS
MINE, YOUNG LADY.
NOW IF YOU WILL
STEP THIS WAY,
YOU CAN VIEW
THE GEMS



ENTERING THE MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION ROOM, MARGO JOINS THE LADIES WHO ARE VIEWING THE FABULOUS COLLECTION OF GEMS WHICH ARE PROTECTED BY ARMED GUARDS...

THESE GEMS LOOK WONDERFUL EVEN FROM THIS DISTANCE. I MUST SEE THEM CLOSER...

STAND BACK, ALL OF YOU... OR DIE!

OH!

GOOD-BYE, NOW, AND GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE JEWELERS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION!

OUTSIDE THE MANSION, THE SHADOW HEARS SHOTS THAT PURSUERS FIRE AFTER THE MYSTERIOUS BURGLAR WHOSE FEATURES WERE A BLUR!!!

SOUNDS AS THOUGH ROBBERY STRUCK TOO EARLY!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

HE DIDN'T GO OUT THIS WAY! THERE'S NOBODY OUTSIDE!

THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA THAT I OUGHT TO BE INSIDE ARRIVING AS A GUEST!



THE CULPRIT MUST BE A MAN IN A BLUE SUIT!

HERE'S ONE!

AND ANOTHER!

I'M NOT THE ROBBER!

AH!
A BLUE SUIT!
A CLUE!

THAT'S A RIGHT NAME FOR HIM.
THE BLUR! FOR ONE THING HE WAS WEARING A BLUE SUIT..

LUCKY YOU WEREN'T WEARING A BLUE SUIT, LAMONT!

VERY LUCKY, MARGO, BECAUSE NOW I AM FREE TO PICK OUT THE MAN WHO STAGED THAT ROBBERY!



WHILE THE GUARDS
ARE QUIZZING THE
TWO SUSPECTS, WE
CAN SEPARATE AND
SEARCH FOR THE
GEMS!



MAYBE THEY
MANAGED TO
HIDE THE GEMS
UPSTAIRS



... AND I KNOW WHY!
WHEN HE COMES
OUT, HE'LL BE THE
SHADOW, EVEN
THOUGH I WON'T
BE ABLE TO SEE
HIM!



I'LL GET THE
SERVANTS TO
JOIN THE HUNT

THERE GOES
LAMONT BEHIND
THAT SCREEN...

SINCE I'M NOT HUNTING
FOR THE JEWELS, I MAY
AS WELL FIND THAT
HANDKERCHIEF I DROPPED
IN THE EXCITEMENT!



WHY, THAT LIGHT
IS OFF NOW...
AND IT LOOKS
AS THOUGH IT'S
EQUIPPED WITH
A SPECIAL ULTRA-
VIOLET BULB!



THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE BLUR'S FACE LOOKED ALL BLUE! I'D BETTER FIND LAMONT AND TELL HIM!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WHY... JUST TO TELL...

YOU'RE TELLING NOTHING AND YOU'RE COMING ALONG WITH US!

YOU'RE WORKING WITH THE BLUR, WHOEVER HE IS!

YEAH, AND WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHO HE IS!

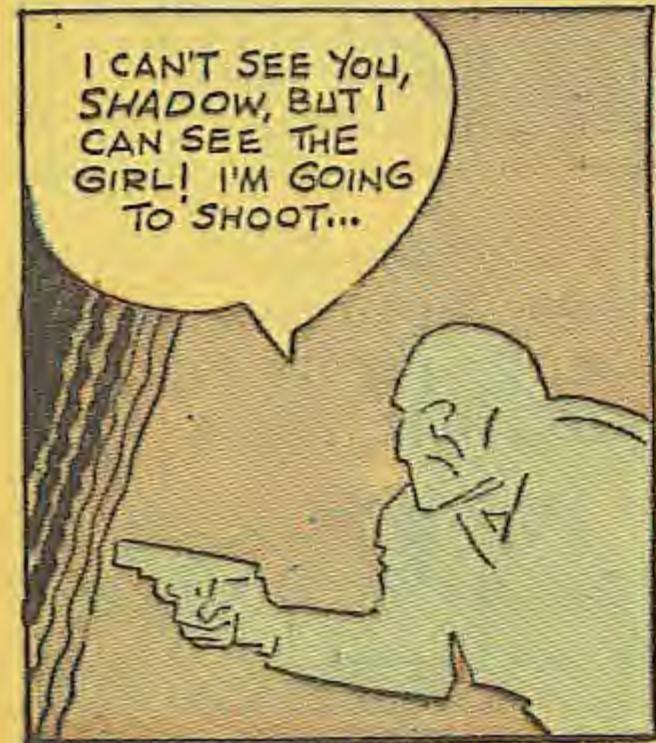
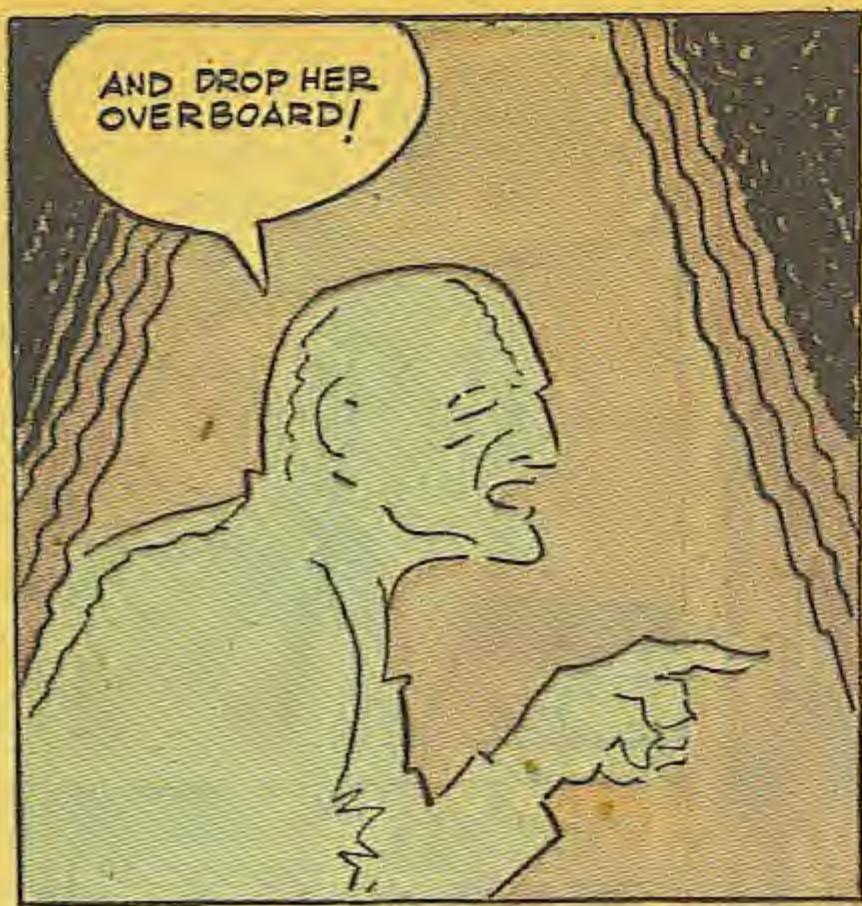
WE FOUND HER SNOOPING IN THE RECEPTION ROOM

SHE SPOTTED THE ULTRA-VIOLET BULB BEFORE WE COULD REMOVE IT

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO MEET THE BLUR AGAIN...

AND MAYBE FOR THE LAST TIME!

WE'LL REMOVE HER INSTEAD! TAKE HER ALONG IN THE SPEED-BOAT WITH THE JEWELS...



AND NOW FOR THE REST OF THIS FEEBLE OPPOSITION!

NOW I CAN HOLD THE BLUR UNTIL THE SHADOW TAKES CHARGE!

HERE'S JUST WHAT I WANT—
A GUN!

WHY... WHY IT'S ARDSLEY! BUT THE BLUR WAS WEARING A BLUE SUIT!

LATER | SO THIS WHITE SUIT WAS PART OF YOUR GAME TO BLAME THE THEFT ON THE MEN WHO WORE BLUE!

AND YOU STAGED THIS GEM DISPLAY JUST TO BRING THE JEWELS WHERE YOU COULD GRAB THEM!

AND SO WAS ARDSLEY, WHEN HE WAS IN THE ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT. IT MADE WHITE LOOK BLUE!

SO, ALL YOU DID, LAMONT, WAS FOLLOW THE ONE MAN WHO WORE WHITE...

THAT'S ALL, MARGO, AND HE LED ME RIGHT TO THE GEMS, WHERE I WAS ON HAND TO RESCUE YOU!

READ WHAT JOE LOUIS AND BILLY CONN SAY ABOUT THE OUTCOME OF THEIR FIGHT IN

TRUE SPORT PICTURE STORIES

on sale MAY 17th

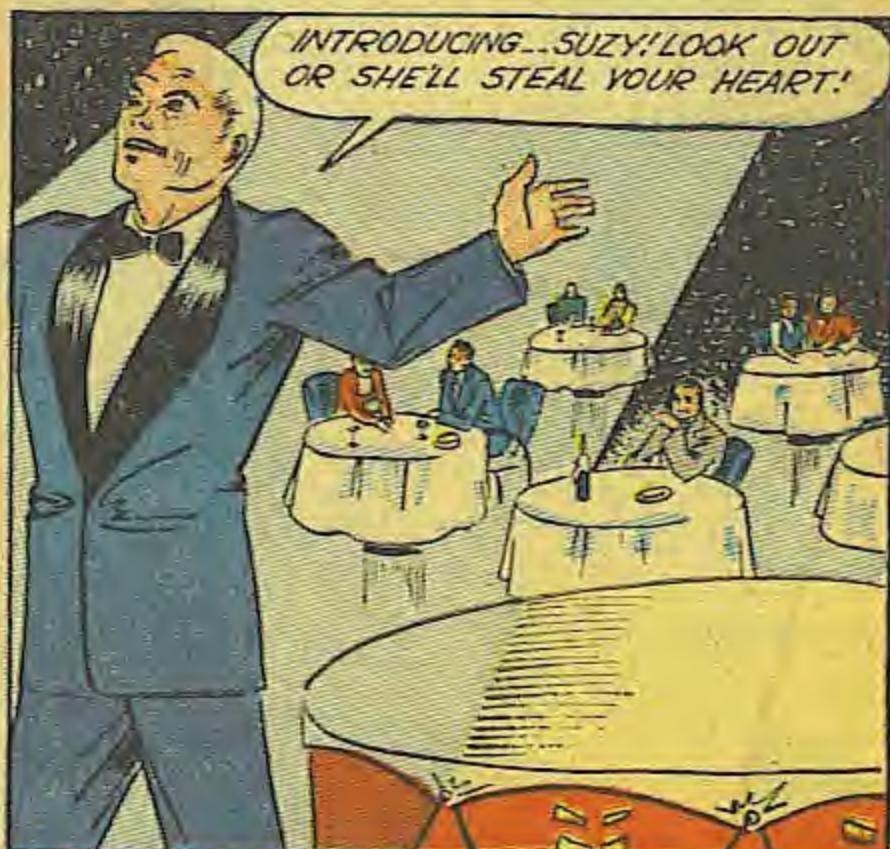
NICK CARTER

Midnight
Blue!



IT WAS AN IMPOSSIBLE CRIME--IN THE FIRST PLACE THE KILLER HAD PLANNED WISELY! IN THE SECOND PLACE, LUCK WAS WITH HIM ALL THE WAY--'TIL MIDNIGHT AND THE MOMENT WHEN NICK CARTER STRUCK!





MR. CARTER... THERE'S AT 11:45? WHO'D KNOW A PHONE CALL FOR YOU... I WAS HERE?



FALSE ALARM...

RECK ROOM



I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS AT ALL!

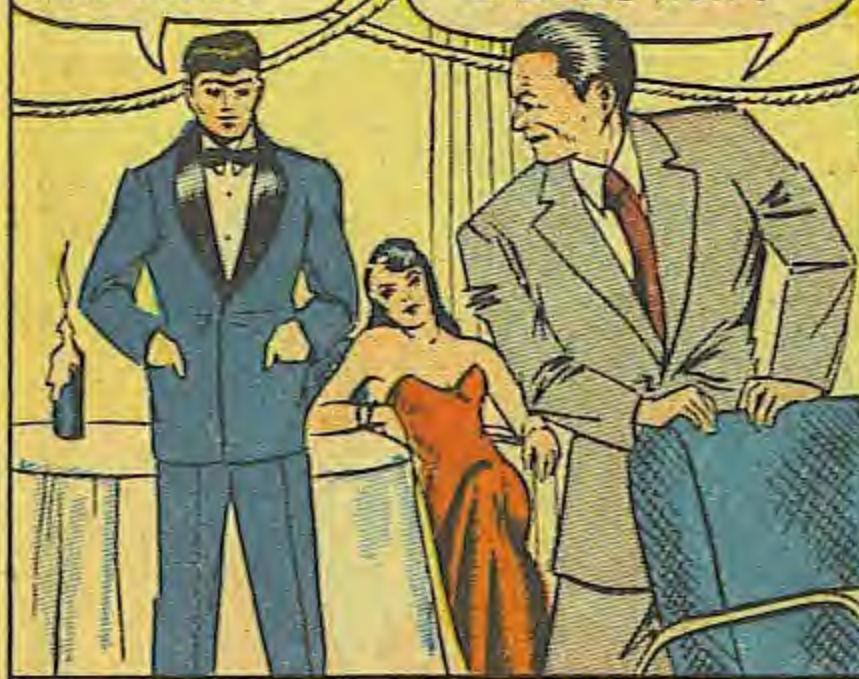
TELEPHONE

EXIT



MR. CARTER? I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I'M KONRAD.. I OWN THIS PLACE!

HOW DO YOU DO? BY THE WAY, SHOULDN'T MISS SYRENE BE DANCING NOW?



SHE WAS A LITTLE LATE! I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT?

NOT TOO MUCH.. SHE DANCES WELL, DOESN'T SHE?



IT'S TAKING LONGER THAN I THOUGHT! WHAT DID SHE MEAN BY SAYING SHE'D BE ABLE TO TELL ME SOON?

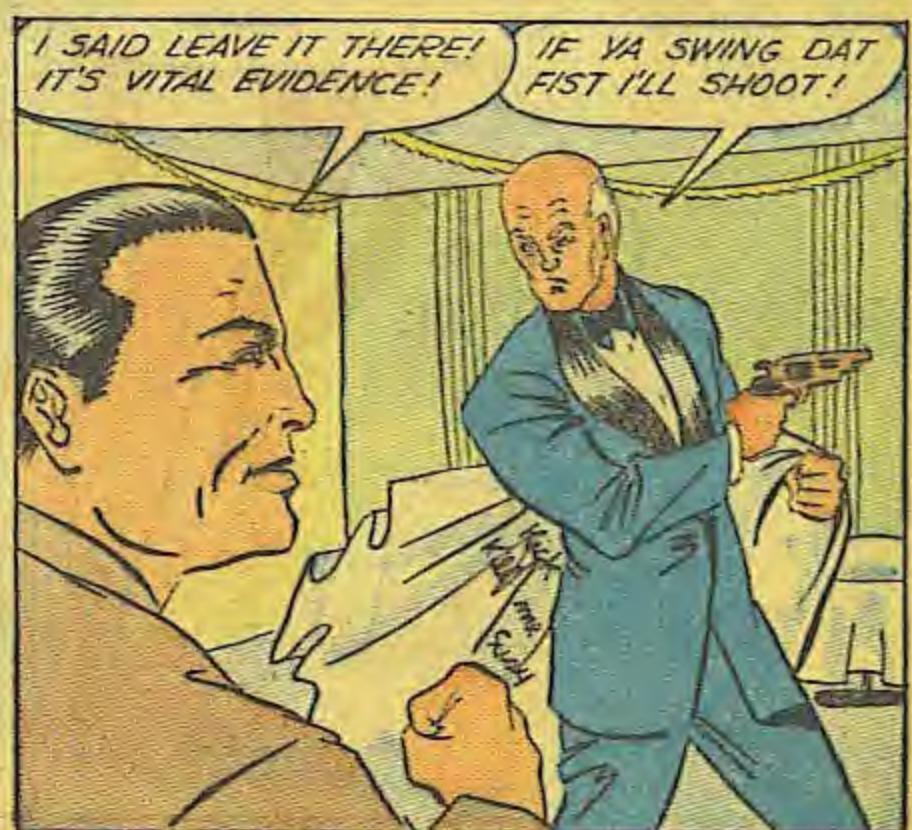
AH! THE CLIMAX! THIS IS ALWAYS GOOD FOR A HAND!



12 O'CLOCK AND SHE STILL HASN'T SAID ANYTHING!

WHAT THE...





STOP THAT! PUT YOUR GUN AWAY AND LISTEN TO MR. CARTER!

I'M GLAD YOU HAVE ENOUGH BRAINS TO SEE THE CLOTH MAY BE PROOF OF YOUR OWN INNOCENCE! NOW...



I SPOKE TO HER AT ABOUT 11:30... GOT THE PHONE CALL AT 11:45... SHE MUST'VE WRITTEN THAT BETWEEN 11:45 AND... WHEN DID THE ACT STOP?

ABOUT 12... AND SHE WAS FOUND DEAD ONLY SECONDS LATER!



WELL, NICK! THIS IS A PLEASURE! IT SHOULD BE A CINCH WITH YOU AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!

DON'T TAKE ANY BETS! KONRAD WAS NAMED BY THE DEAD GIRL AS THE KILLER, BUT...

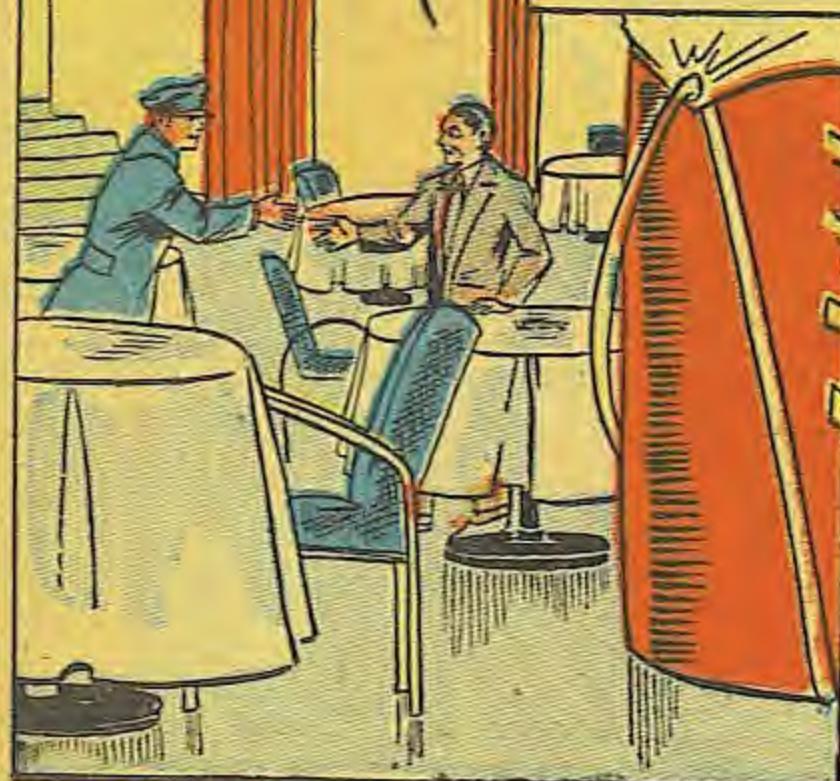
WONDER WHY I DIDN'T SEE THE MESSAGE SOONER! MAYBE THE LIGHTS WERE TOO LOW!

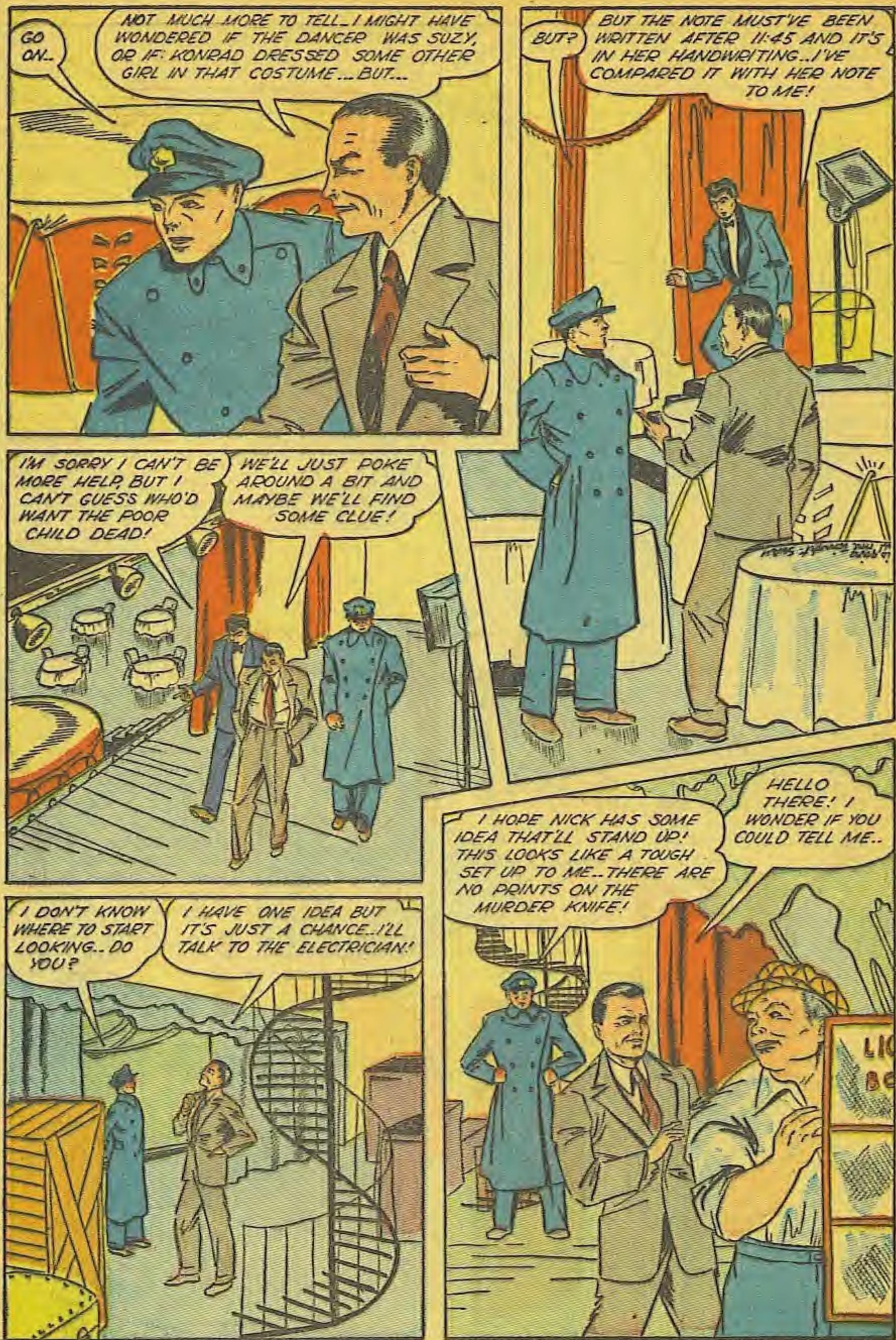
OH-OH! HERE COME THE COPPERS!



LEAVE IT TO NICK TO HAVE AN ACCUSATION IN THE VICTIM'S HANDWRITING!

HOLD IT! BUT! KONRAD WAS WITH ME AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER! I'M HIS ALIBI FROM 11:46 ON... SHE WAS KILLED ABOUT 12...





IT'S STUPID OF ME NOT TO
REMEMBER.. BUT CAN
YOU TELL ME.. WHEN DO
YOU THROW THE BLUE
SPOTLIGHTS ON?

SURE I CAN!
THEY GO ON
AT EXACTLY...



HOLY SMOKE!
LOOK OUT!

WHAT THE...



THAT WAS A
GUNSHOT OR
I'M NUTS!

YOU'RE NOT NUTS.. AND NOW I
KNOW ABOUT THE LIGHTS! THE
BLUE LIGHTS WENT ON AT
11:30, DIDN'T THEY?



THAT'S RIGHT!
BUT HOW DID
THE POT SHOT
TELL YOU
THAT?

THE SHOT WAS TO STOP
YOUR TELLING ME! FIX
THAT SHORT IF YOU CAN..
WHILE I GET A MURDERER!



LIGHTS.. SHOT.. SHORT
CIRCUITS THAT
HAVE TO BE FIXED..
WHAT GIVES
ANYWAY?

DON'T YOU SEE? A
CLEVER KILLER TAKES
ADVANTAGE OF ANY
LUCK THAT COMES HIS
WAY.. BUT HIS LUCK HAS
RUN OUT!



HE'S IN HERE.. I THINK HE
HAS TO BE.. HE NEVER
THOUGHT HE'D EVEN BE
SUSPECTED! HE MUST BE
GATHERING MONEY FOR A
GETAWAY.. AS SOON AS HE
SAW THAT SHOT MISS ME..

IF YOU SAY
SO, NICK..



AS THE DOOR SMASHED OPEN...

HE FIGURED IT
QUICK! GET HIM
PUNCHY!

TCH! TCH! TOO BAD THAT
BAG OF MONEY STOPS
YOUR TRYING ANOTHER
SHOT AT ME, KICKS!

WHAT A LOUSY DRAW!
YOU'RE TOO SLOW, SON!

OOOFF!



OW..MY
HAND!

NOT SO FAST, KONRAD! YOUR
LIGHTS FAILED YOU AFTER ALL...
LIEUT, GET ALL THE CHORUS
GIRLS WHO ARE THE SAME
BUILD AS THE DEAD GIRL!



MINUTES LATER...

ANYONE OF THESE
COULD HAVE POSED
AS SUZY!

WHICHEVER ONE OF YOU
IT IS BETTER SPEAK
UP.. THIS IS MURDER!



THAT CLEANS IT UP!
THIS KID INNOCENTLY
SUPPLIED YOUR ALIBI!
YOU KILLED SUZY
RIGHT AFTER I SAW
HER AT 11:30!

OK DON'T RUB IT IN! SHE
WAS BLACKMAILING ME..
I'D DO IT AGAIN!



NOW THAT KICKS DON'T YOU SEE? SUZY WROTE
IS ON HIS WAY DOWNTOWN,
WHAT WAS ALL THAT WITH
THE NOTE?

THAT NOTE RIGHT IN FRONT
OF ME WITH BLUE EYE
MAKE-UP.. WITH THE BLUE
LIGHT ON I DIDN'T SEE IT!
IT WAS INVISIBLE 'TIL 12
WHEN THE WHITE LIGHTS
WENT ON!



Inner Circle

NICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE MATCHLESS MURDER!!

"The average run of murder cases," said Nick Carter to the members of the Inner Circle at their monthly meeting," is pretty banal. Easy to spot the killer, and if not, the stool pigeons of the underworld generally tell the police who the killer is.

"There's not much excitement for a detective in day to day killings that go on. Once in a great while you run across one that tests your wits to the utmost. Such a case was the one I shall tell you about today.

"First get the picture of the kill in your minds. A manufacturer named Vance was found in his office, dead. He'd been shot through the head. There was one clue to the killer and one clue only. Laying on the floor where it had obviously fallen out of the killer's pocket was a paper folder of matches.

"I was sitting staring at the matches as the suspects were brought in.

"They were all nicely dressed, all above the average in intelligence and looks."

Nick paused as he looked thoughtfully out into space reconstructing the scene in his mind. He cleared his throat and continued.

"There were four of them. Mr. Wendell, Crowley, Gerald and Townley. I had found out a little about each. Wendell worked for the dead man and stood to take over his

position now that he was dead. That gave him a motive. Crowley was a night club owner. The dead man frequented the club. Gerald, I could find out nothing about except for the fact that he didn't seem to work and yet was well dressed and seemed to have plenty of dough-re-mi. Townley was a bookkeeper for the dead man.

"I looked them over, knowing that one of them had killed a man only an hour ago. From their faces it was impossible to deduce a thing. This was a tough one.

"I looked from their questioning faces down to the match folder. It advertised the Club Rounder. I opened the packet and looked inside. The matches that had been used had been torn out of the left hand side of the packet. There was a final thing about the packet. The inside of the flap was all smudged with some black substance that looked and felt like charcoal.

"Wendell leaned over and looking at the packet said, 'Oh—oh . . . how'd that get here?'

"'What do you mean?'"

"Those matches, they advertise *his* night club!"

"Wendell was pointing to Crowley. I had forgotten that the "Rounder" was the name of Crowley's club. Crowley looked annoyed. He said, 'What's that got to do with it? I give away thousands of those. Any-one who ever comes to my joint gets a packet of those matches. It doesn't point any finger at me!'

"Truthfully I didn't think much of it as a clue either. When I looked up at the others, Gerald had a cigarette in his mouth. He was flicking a lighter. It worked and he



lit his cigarette. Townley, the bookkeeper was a trifle nervous. His hand shook as he packed his pipe. He shook all over as he went through his pockets searching for matches. All eyes were on him. As his hands came out of his pockets empty, I threw the packet of matches to him.

"He reached up in the air and grabbed them. He grabbed them with his left hand. And the matches were torn out of the left hand side of the packet.

"Townley looked from the matches to the faces around him. Wendell broke the silence. 'A pipe smoker uses up a lot more matches than any other kind of a smoker . . . and unless my eyes deceive me, those matches were torn out by a left handed person, weren't they, Mr. Carter?'

"I nodded. I was thinking furiously. It was true. When I smoke a pipe I use up all the matches in the place. A pipe has a habit of going out all the time. One pipeful needs about ten matches."

"Townley got more and more nervous as we all looked at him. It was obvious what we were thinking I suppose. I watched all of them. Gerald was rubbing the tip of his left middle finger. That is, the second joint, because he'd had the tip amputated at some time. It seemed to be a nervous habit with him, for he was unconscious of it.

"Crowley said, 'Well what gives now?'"

Nick paused again and looked out at the members who were all ears. They waited while Nick cleared his throat again and said, "I didn't quite know what to say. I had a sneaking suspicion that things weren't quite as simple as they looked. I took the matches, the fatal matches, back from the bookkeeper.

"I opened them and looked at the curious smudge of charcoal on the inside of the cover. I looked at it and then, I had it! I looked from the smudge to that jointless



middle finger of Gerald. He saw me adding two and two. He got the answer before I did.

"His back was to the window. His hand went to his pocket. I had thought the police had gone over all of them for guns, but everything had happened so fast that the cops had missed up on that elementary precaution!"

"Gerald's hand was full of gun. He put one leg back through the open window. 'One move and I blast! I'm getting out of here before this phoney cop pulls any wing-dings!'

"I was powerless," said Nick regretfully, "I was across the room from him and had no gun. As far as I was concerned he would have gotten away with it! But suddenly there was an interruption. Gerald was half cut off the widow when it happened! Crowley, the night club owner, suddenly threw himself flat on the floor behind the protection of the desk. I swear that before he hit the floor he had a gun in his hand. I've never seen a faster draw!"

"Gerald fired but his bullet flicked off the end of the desk. Flying splinters flew up in my face.

"Crowley took a chance and snapped a shot from behind the desk.

"It caught Gerald in the upper thigh. He grimaced but fired again. This bullet almost clipped Wendell who was trying to make himself invisible behind a chair.

"Crowley aimed again and taking a real chance poked his head out from behind the desk! It took Gerald in the chest. He wavered and finally fell back into the room. His gun fell from his hand. I felt foolish about not having done more to help. I picked up Gerald's gun and thanked Crowley. He shrugged and said, 'Somebody had to stop the fool! Now what's all this about? What suddenly made him take a Brodie? As far as I could see, this dopey bookkeeper here, was slated to take the rap on account of being left handed!'

"I nodded but as I did I flipped the match packet to Crowley. He looked at the smudge on the inside just as I had and then just as I had, looked from the smudge to the missing top joint of Gerald's middle finger. He nodded. He knew.

"The others were completely baffled by the turn of events!"

"Don't look now," laughed Beef, "But so are we!"

Nick grinned at Beef and the other members of the Inner Circle. "Even though the case was a little more intricate than the average, it was simple once you added up the two things I have commented on. Per-

haps I should say three. The third was what Crowley commented on. He said, 'No wonder Gerald was able to dress and live so well without working! He must have put the bite on the dead man and when the dead man refused, he was really a dead man!'

"That was just about the size of it. You see the matches were a real clue. The fact that they pointed to three people was just bad luck. The real clue was the smudge."

Nick took a drink of water while the members puzzled over the case. "You see, what Crowley and I suddenly realized was that



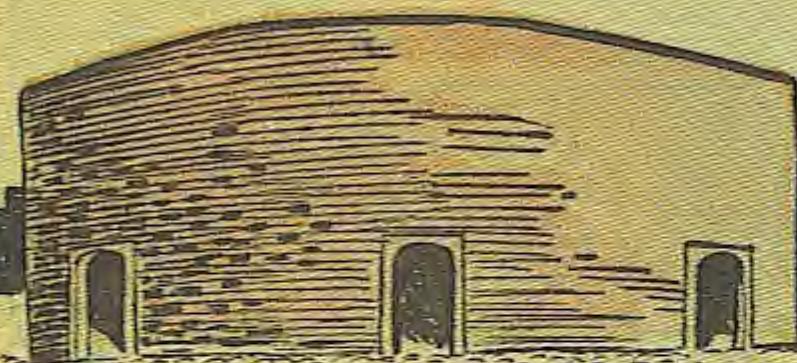
Gerald was a gambler and a crooked one at that! The tip of the finger being cut off was the tip off! For bottom dealing, a crook must be very careful or a movement of the tip of the middle finger will flash that he's dealing bottoms! Careful gamblers have that tip cut off!

"The other giveaway once I had realized that Gerald was a crooked gambler was the smudge! It's called daub and gamblers use it on the tip of their fingers to mark cards while they are playing. Sure, he carried a lighter for his cigarettes, but he carried the matches when he went to work! The smudge was a deadly one for him! It carried him right to the electric chair!"

THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

WITH THORNTON FISHER

TO THOSE OF US FAMILIAR WITH OUR AMERICAN MANNER OF PRESENTING BOXING CONTESTS THE ENGLISH WAY MAY SEEM STRANGE AND HERE'S HOW THE BRITISH DO IT—



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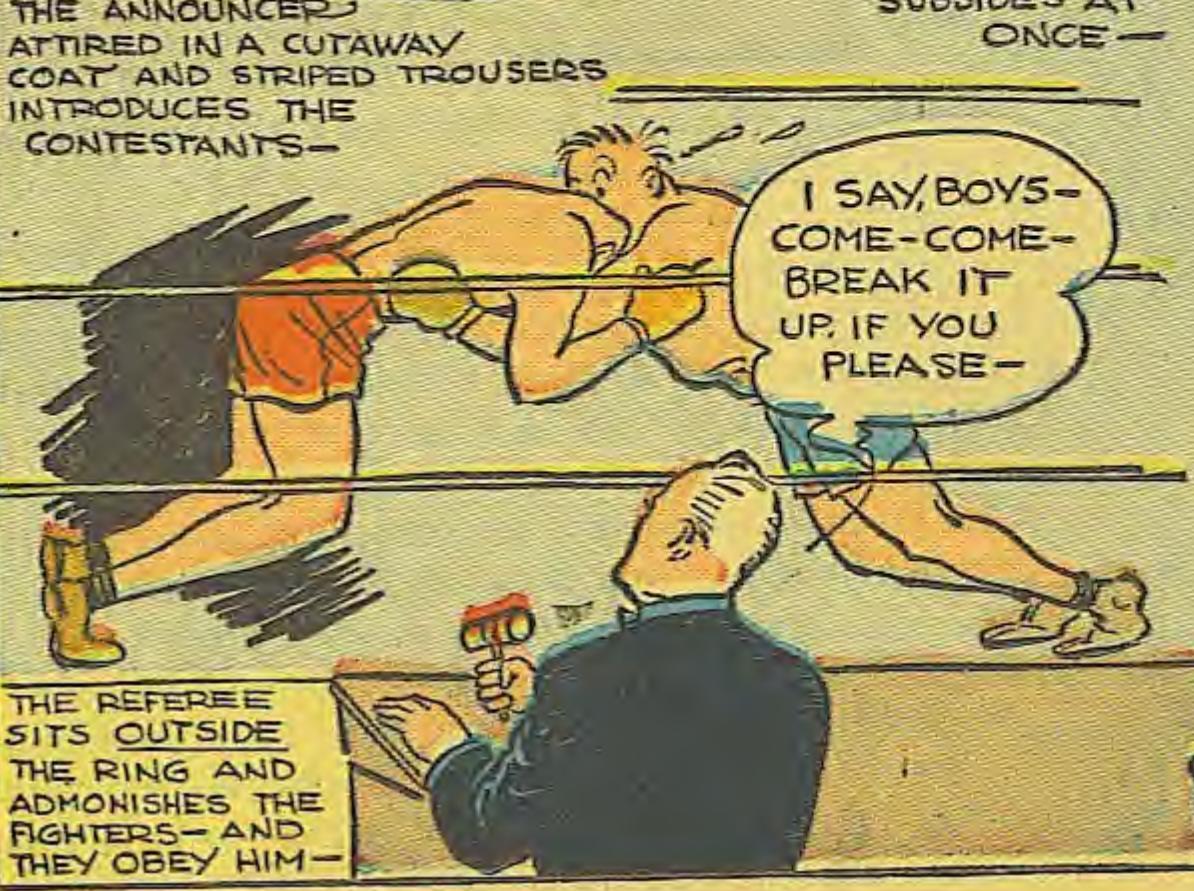


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WHEN THE FANS GET TOO NOISY AN ATTENDANT RAISES A LONG POLE WITH THE ABOVE SIGN ON IT—THE YELLING SUBSIDES AT ONCE—



I SAY, BOYS—
COME-COME—
BREAK IT UP, IF YOU PLEASE—



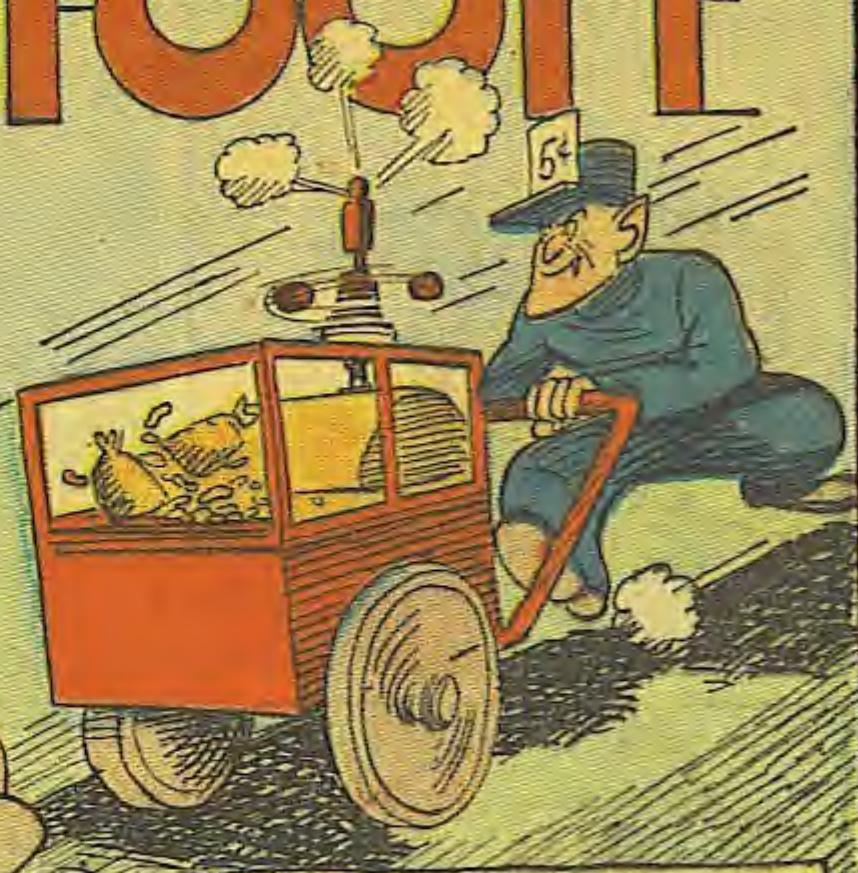
Due to a dearth of boxers the fights are often very one-sided—

THE REFEREE SITS OUTSIDE THE RING AND ADMONISHES THE FIGHTERS—AND THEY OBEY HIM—

THORNTON FISHER
FROM SKETCHES I MADE IN LONDON, ENG.—

FLATTY FOOTE

and the
PEANUT
VENDER



Rx

— TAKE EQUAL PARTS
OF FLATTY FOOTE AND
HIS PAL, PETER PRANCE;
MIX IN A MYSTERIOUS
PEANUT VENDER... STIR
WELL AND WHAT DO YOU
HAVE?

TROUBLE
WITH A CAPITAL T!

WHEN WE LEFT OUR HEROES LAST MONTH...

YOU KNOW, FLATTY,
THIS DETECTIVE
BUSINESS IS GETTING
A LITTLE STRENUOUS
EVEN FOR A TALENTED
DETECTIVE AS ME!

YOU SAID A
MOUTHFUL.
ME... I'M ALL
FOR THE
PEACEFUL
LIFE!



AND IT WILL GET MORE
STRENUOUS MY BONE-HEADED
ONES, HA!

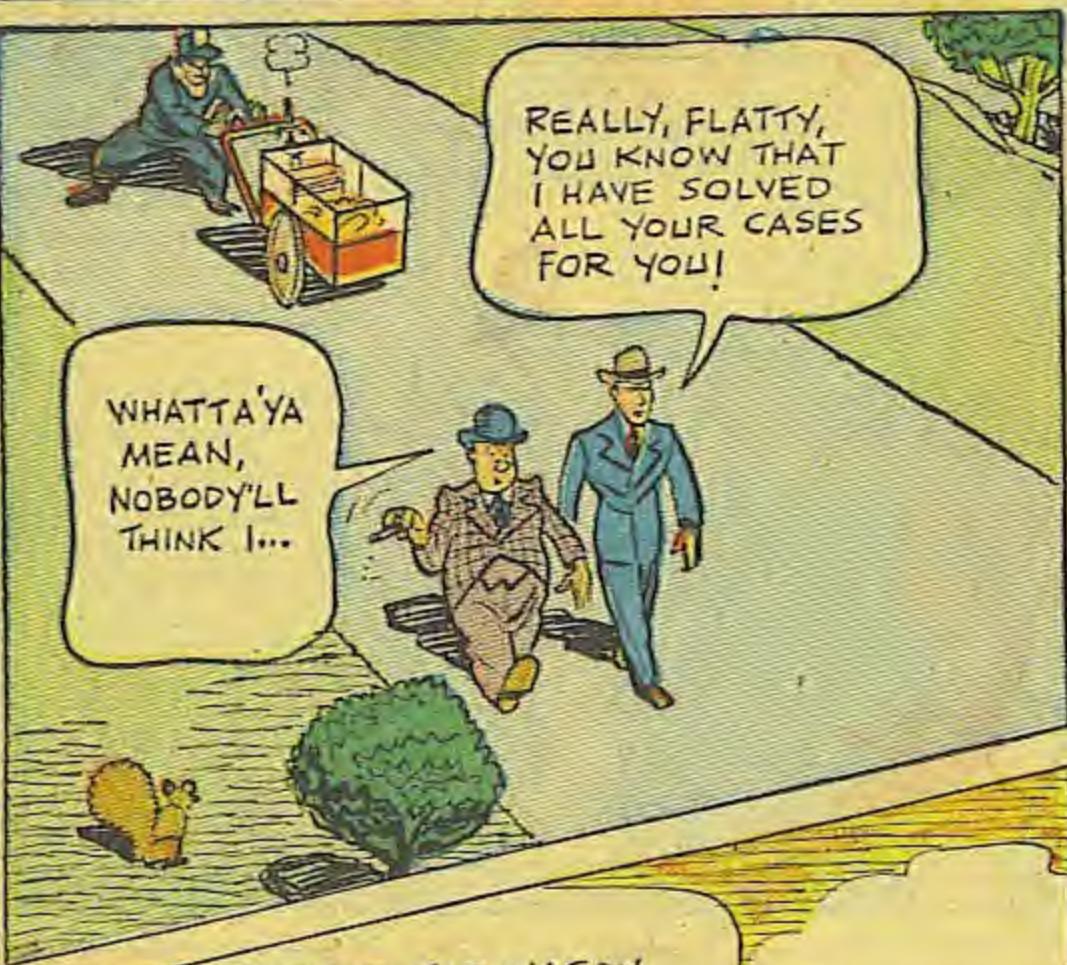


I'M GOING TO ASK
FOR A VACATION.
I THINK I'VE
EARNED ONE!



WHATTA'YA
MEAN,
NOBODY'LL
THINK I...

REALLY, FLATTY,
YOU KNOW THAT
I HAVE SOLVED
ALL YOUR CASES
FOR YOU!



OH MY
FLAT
FEET...
GET A
WIGGLE
ON!

OUT OF
MY WAY!



YOU SOLVED
THEM! WHAT
NONSENSE!
PRANCE...
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?

NOISE?
YIPE!
LOOK!!



WHY DO
THESE
THINGS
HAPPEN
TO US?

IT ISN'T FAIR.
NO ONE ELSE
WOULD BE IN
DANGER OF
BEING RUN
OVER BY A
PEANUT
WAGON! IT'S
UNDIGNIFIED,
THAT'S
WHAT IT
IS!

THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO
DO... LEAP
SIDeways!

WHEW!
THAT
WAS
CLOSE!

GENTLEMEN! I AM
SO SORRY... IT WAS
SO STUPID OF ME...
I STOPPED TO TIE
MY SHOE LACE AND
WHEN I LOOKED
UP... THE WAGON
HAD STARTED DOWN
HILL!

OH, THAT'S ALL
RIGHT...
ACCIDENTS
WILL HAPPEN...
BUT THEY ALWAYS
SEEM TO HAPPEN
TO US...

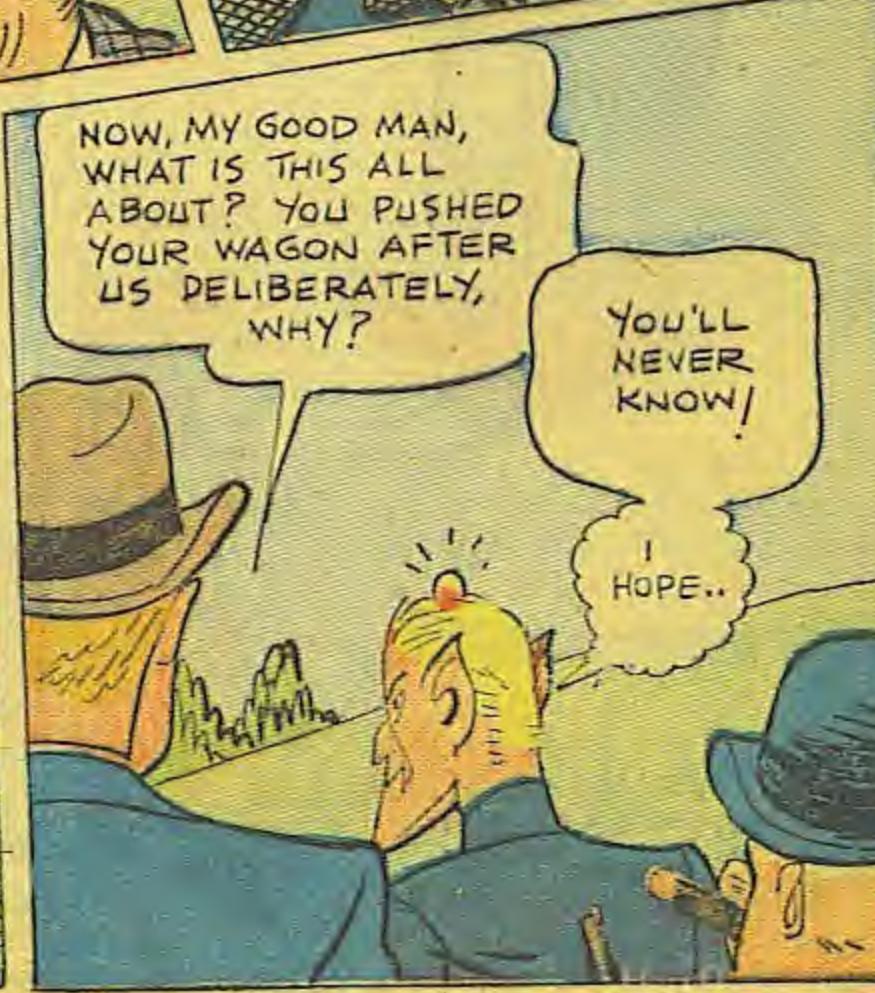
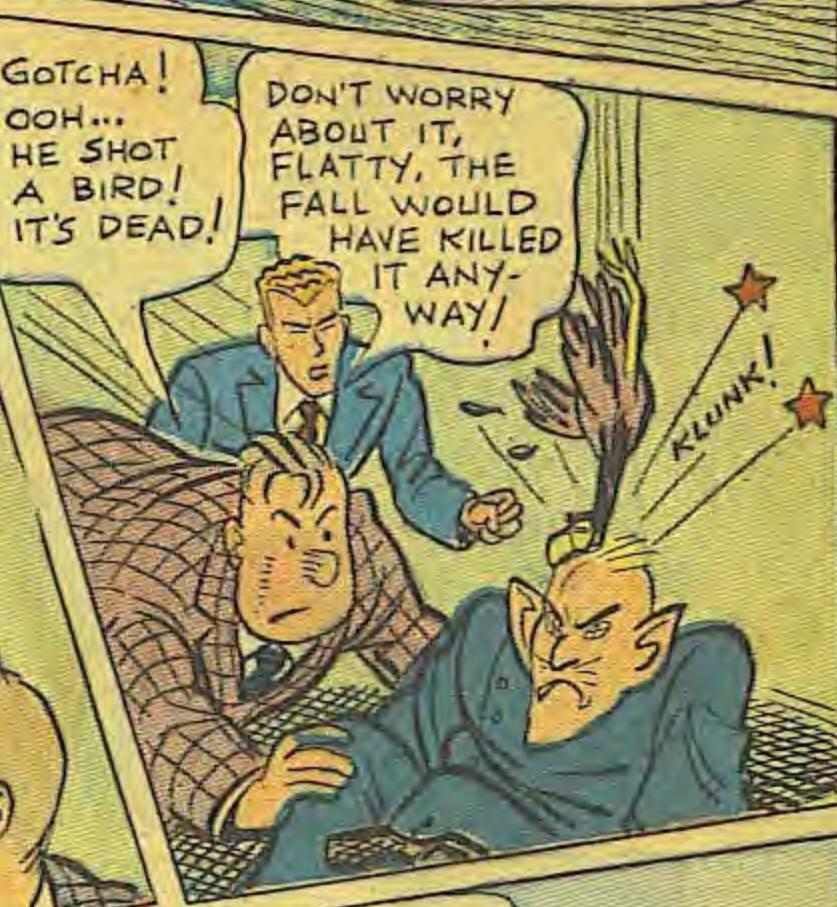
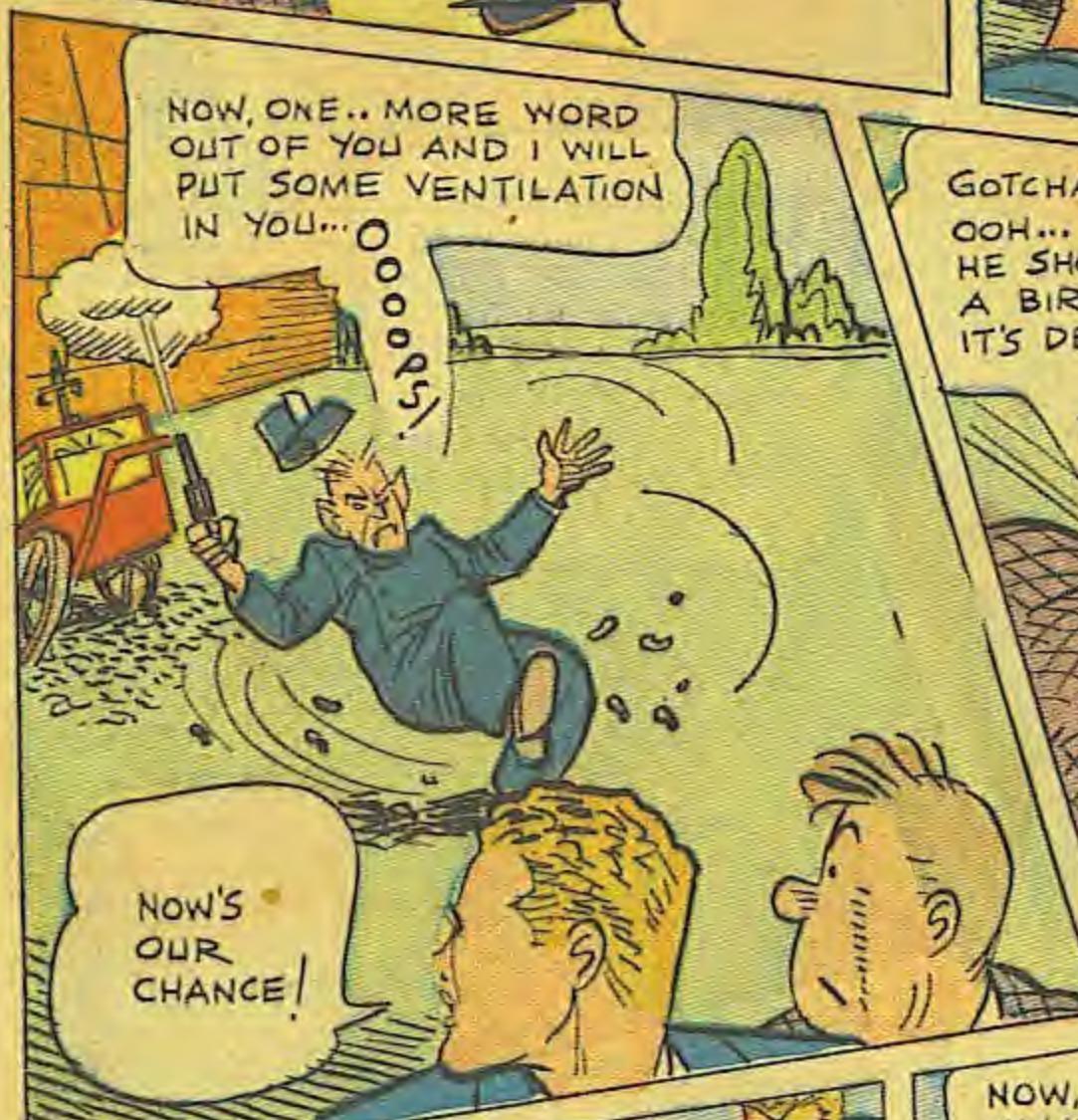
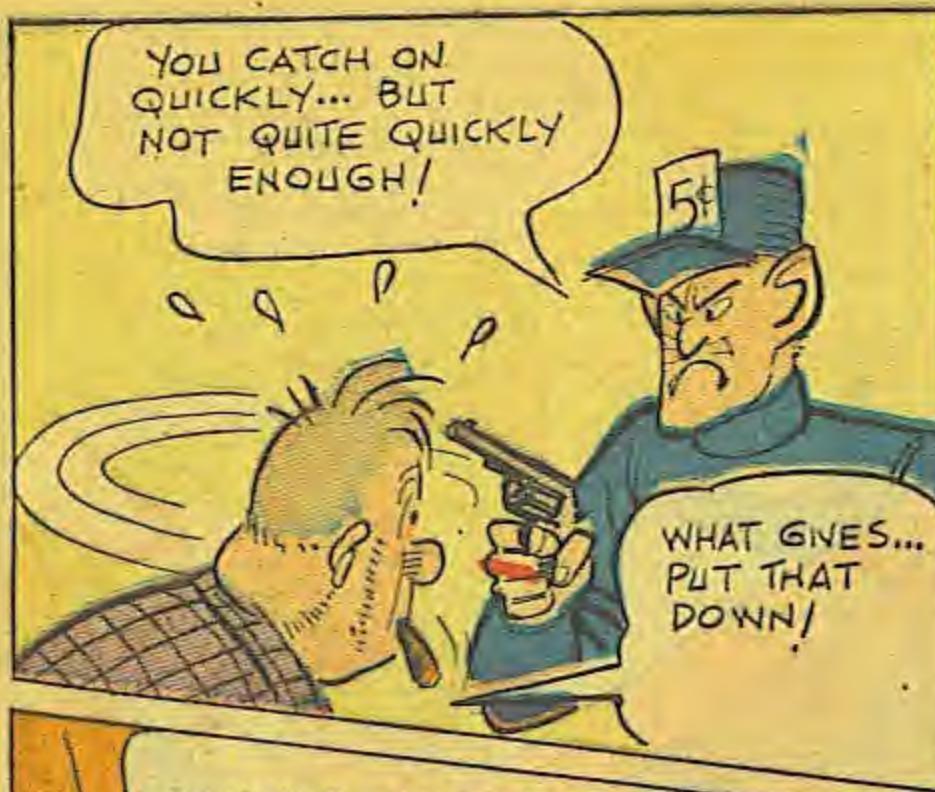
CARASH!

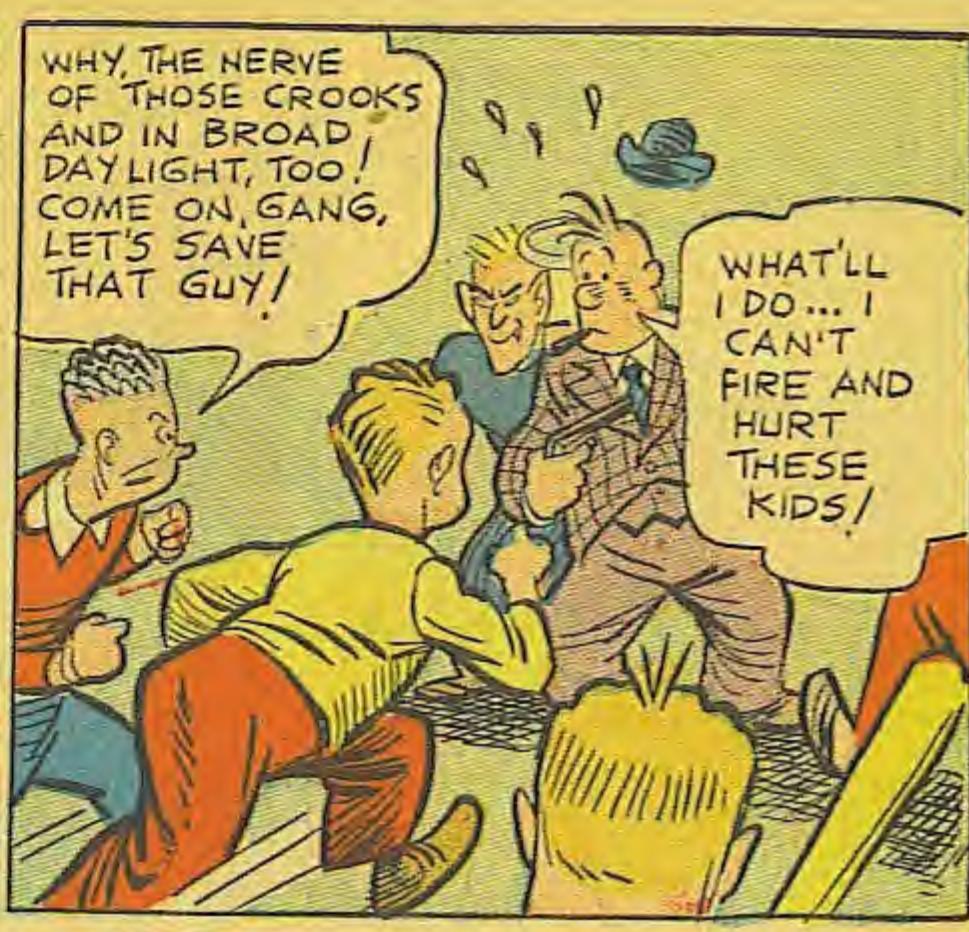
MY BEAUTIFUL
WAGON... DESTROYED...
COMPLETELY RUINED!

TYING HIS SHOE LACES...
BUT HE HAS MOCASSINS
ON... I WONDER...

GENTLEMEN;
THIS WAS
ALL MY FAULT...
LET ME HELP
BRUSH YOU
UP...

FLATTY... DON'T
LET HIM GET
BEHIND US...
THERE'S DIRTY
WORK AFOOT!







CONFIDENTIALLY, PRANCE IS RIGHT... THERE IS MORE TO THIS... AND WAIT TILL FLATTY FINDS OUT ABOUT IT!

the Shadow gets a

TRAP for CRIME



A yellowed newspaper clipping from the New York Times dated Tuesday, June 1, 1932. The main headline reads "JEWEL ROBBERY MYSTERY". Above the headline, there is a smaller text box containing the following information:

Printed at Special Color Plates
The Times, New York, U.S.A.

A DRAMATIC JEWEL THE
STUNNED PROPRIETOR IS

CROOKS LOOT BANK

GUARDS ARE MYSTI- + EXPLAIN **SAFE DISAPPEARS** WALL STREET OFFICE

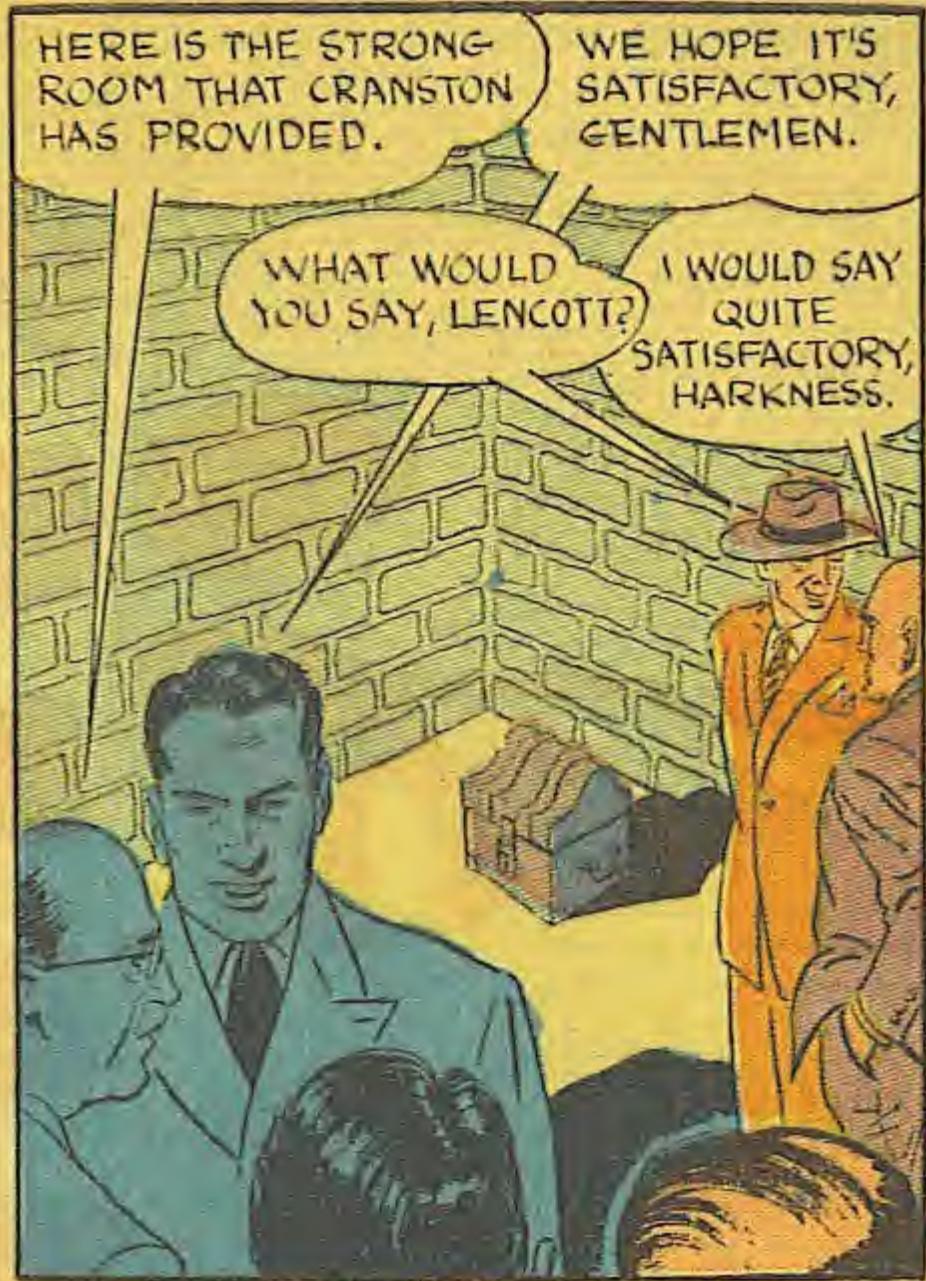
SIMPLE ENOUGH,
COMMISSIONER.
PROVIDE A
TRAP AND THE
PROPER BAIT
FOR IT!

THESE CRIMES REPRESENT
A BIG BRAIN, CRANSTON.
BUT HOW ARE WE
GOING TO
FIND HIM?

BUT WHAT KIND OF
A TRAP? AND
WHAT WILL BE
THE PROPER
BAIT?

LEAVE
BOTH OF
THOSE
QUESTIONS
TO ME

HERE
WE GO
AGAIN!



KNOWING MARGO'S SKILL AT GETTING INTO TROUBLE, CRANSTON HAS POSTED SHREVVY THE CABBY TO LOOK OUT FOR HER...

THERE'S LENCOTT GETTING INTO THAT CAR! I HOPE SHREVVY SHOWS UP RIGHT NOW!

MEANWHILE, CRANSTON AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONER ARE DISCUSSING THEIR SIDE OF THE STORY

WELL, CRANSTON, DO YOU THINK THE BIG BRAIN TOOK THE BAIT?

I DO, AND I THINK THE BIG BRAIN IS LENCOTT!

HELLO, MISS LANE! MR. CRANSTON SAID YOU MIGHT BE NEEDING ME!

I CERTAINLY DO, SHREVVY! FOLLOW THAT CAR!

YOU POSTED INSPECTOR CARDONA AND HIS MEN EXACTLY AS I SUGGESTED...

I DID, CRANSTON. NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS LET LENCOTT WALK INTO THE TRAP!

THIS IS WHERE LENCOTT'S CAR STOPPED, MISS LANE.

THANKS A LOT, SHREVVY! NEVER MIND WAITING...

JUST TO MAKE SURE THAT LENCOTT AND HIS CREW DON'T WALK OUT OF THAT TRAP I'LL BE THERE TO SUPERVISE MATTERS - AS THE SHADOW!



THE CAFÉ IS DESERTED, SO I SUPPOSE LENCOTT MUST HAVE GONE IN HERE. I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

OFFICE

THIS JOB IS MADE TO ORDER, MEN! THE TREASURE IS ABSOLUTELY UNGUARDED!

WE CAN PUNCH OUR WAY INTO THE CELLAR OF THE OLD BANK FROM THE BACK!

SORRY I'M LATE, BUT LOOK WHAT I FOUND SNOOPING!

OH!

GOOD WORK!
BRING HER ALONG!

HERE WE ARE BEHIND THE OLD BANK!
GET GOING, YOU!

NOW TO GET HOLD OF THAT SPANISH TREASURE!

AND LEAVE THE GIRL IN ITS PLACE!

INSIDE THE BANK, THE CROOKS
BLAST THE DOOR OF THE
BRICK-WALLED ROOM...

VISITORS BELOW!
NOW TO GET DOWN
AND BLOCK THEM
OFF!



PLenty OF
TREASURE.
HERE, BOSS!

DUMP IT OUT
AND WE'LL PACK
THE GIRL IN
THERE INSTEAD!

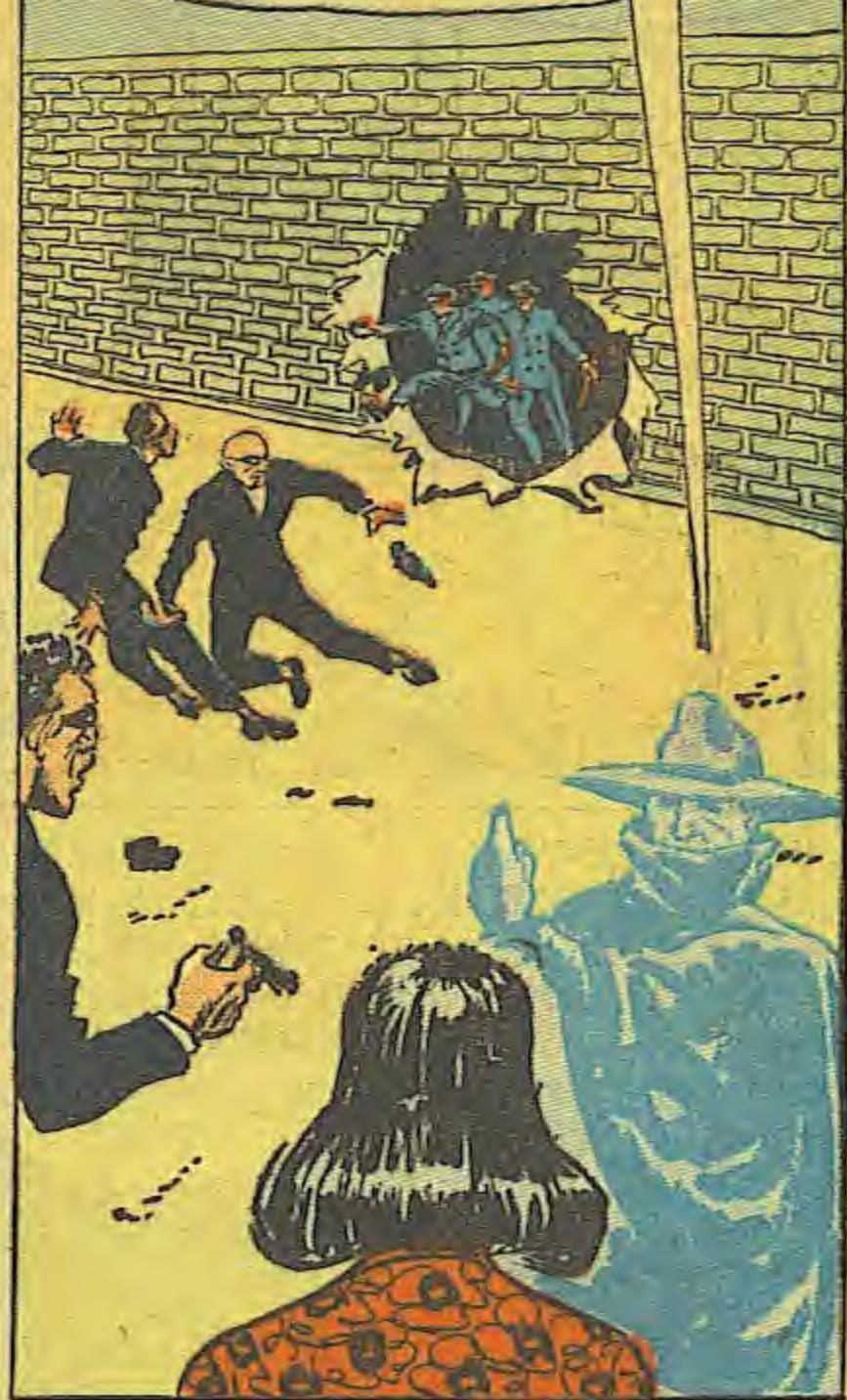
MARGO WOULD
GET INTO
TROUBLE
AFTER ALL!



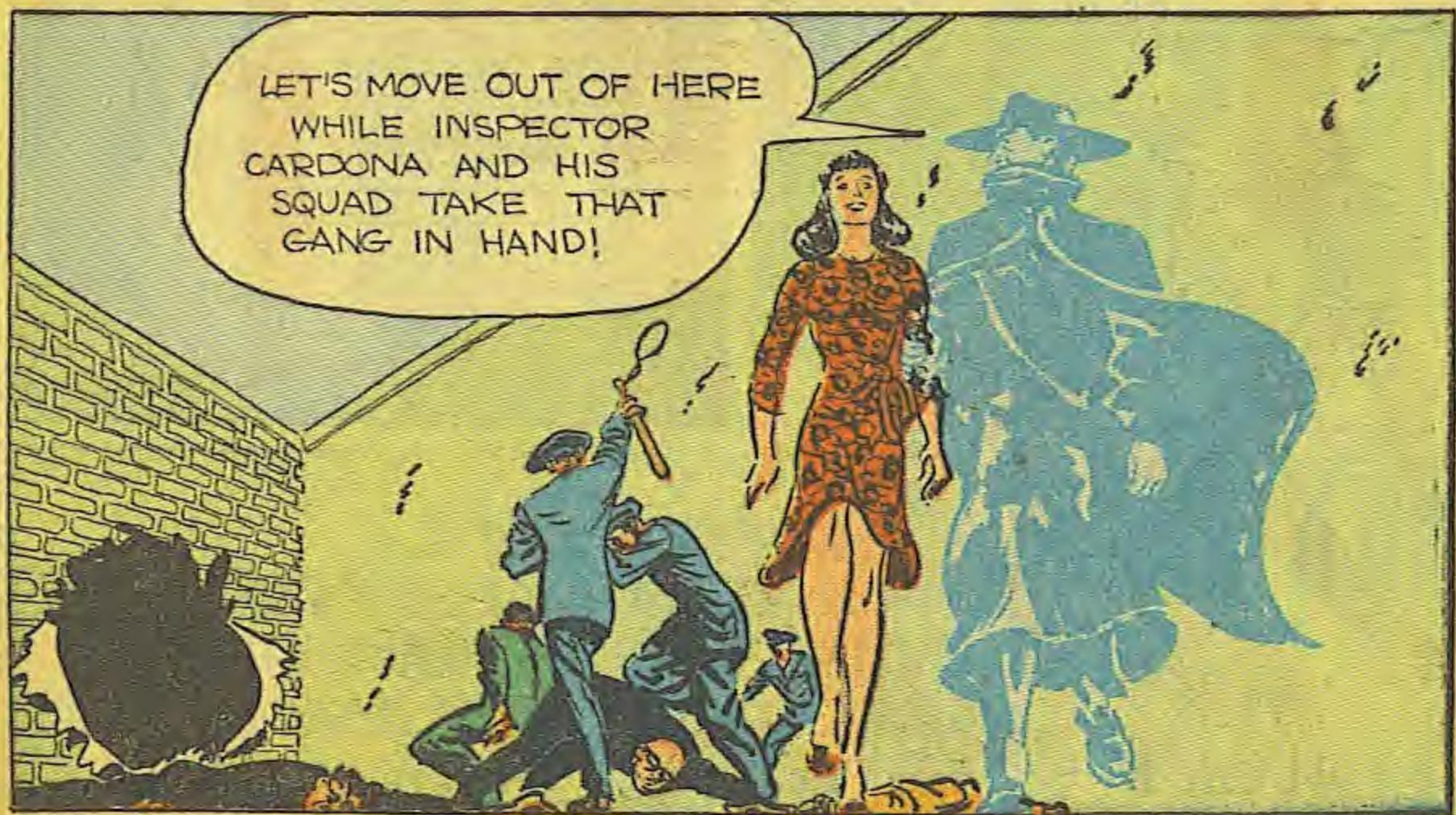
INSPECTOR CARDONA
COMING THROUGH
THE WALL... AND
HIS SQUAD WITH
HIM!

YOU MEAN HALF
OF HIS SQUAD,
MARGO! LOOK!

BECAUSE HERE COME THE REST
THROUGH THE WALL ON THE
OTHER SIDE!



LET'S MOVE OUT OF HERE
WHILE INSPECTOR
CARDONA AND HIS
SQUAD TAKE THAT
GANG IN HAND!



ALL RIGHT, LENCOTT,
MOVE ALONG!

WELL, THAT'S THAT! I'LL REMOVE
THIS HAT AND CLOAK AND
WE'LL INSPECT THE CRIME TRAP!



WHY THESE WALLS
ARE JUST **PAPER**,
PRINTED TO LOOK
LIKE BRICK!

THAT'S RIGHT,
MARGO. I HAD
THEM BUILT
IN THE SCENIC
STUDIO AND
DELIVERED
HERE

THEY MADE FINE
FALSE WALLS FOR
THE SIDES OF
THIS WIDE ROOM
WITH PLENTY OF
SPACE FOR
CARDONA AND
HIS MEN TO
WAIT!

AND ALL THEY
HAD TO DO WAS
PUNCH THROUGH
WHEN THE
TIME CAME!
THAT REALLY
WAS A TRAP
FOR CRIME!



NICK CARTER *Announces*
OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO CHAIN
that PICTURED STORIES OF HIS ADVENTURES
APPEARS REGULARLY IN THE *SHADOW COMICS*
BE SURE TO LISTEN TO NICK ON THE AIR



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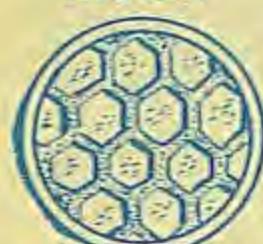
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